

Paperboys, Boatdrinks

i think about the time spent see the dotted line, sign the fine print
ma minds bent and i'm about to get ma rhymes pimped
tryin to find rent, set the record straight, uniform do decorate
since performing for the second grade
koolaid and cannabis i'm sick ot these scavengers
i'm like a anarchist standing in panic demanding damages
they only flash cameras at muthafucking amatures
wanna trade a good review for some bandages?
i've got managers that need to do more,
i'm stuck inside this shoe-store
thinking, what the fuck i need you for?
all i try to do is rock a few floors, let me do tours
and then off course, "boatdrinks", see the blue shores
gotta love life, might loose yours
over some booze of loose whores
or them dudes at war,
until nothing is real, bagging up the muscle to chill
it's all a hustle all this fussing for bills, but still

chorus

"imagine that"- we handle raps like it ain't nothing
"ya crackerjack"- see that's a fact you can play something
"yeah you're handicapped,"
paperboys- with the hat to match
"don't sleep" it's all about the boatdrinks x2

yo, whatever turn of events

it's only paper that's concerning ma gets
this tournaments leaving permanent dents
i've got a burning of earning cents and i'm bent
only human, thinking bourbon or rent? hmmm..
see ma strategy stumbles with vodka-battery
id rather be straddled by a lady with top anatomy
a bastard, filling ma pockets is all i'm after
a little laughter, sick of freezing like it's alaska
with choking astma and frozen fingernails
got jehova sending mail,
dream of climbing over with ma single-sales
a little ginger-ale an gin makes a cinderella spin
ma ears ringing lika a jingle-bell again
i pop ma collar, get a glass, top it and swallow
ma shit'll knock scholars, bet i'll make 'em hollalike a rotweiler *voff*
euro's and top dollars, gimme that
a cynics rap, i keep it rolling like a jimmyhat

chorus x2

i've got a confession to make, cant escape depression and hate
every session i tape i always think it's lesser than great,
but i'm guessing it's straight
i think it's just a test of my faith don't mean to desecrate,
stressing, guess prfoessionals relate
i got a cause, i'm a rebel in my drawrs get applause,
better metaphores, tell 'em if you get it yours"
grab my set of balls, rocking the floors like heavy metal tours
we ready for whatever is in store, it's time to settle scores
and if i said it before, it's cause i'm bored, i'm broke, but not
poor, is smoke but got a lot more
i'm not sure i'll ever make it but i'm trying, keep it basic i ain't
lying, like i'm naked with the choir crying
i'm just a passanger, a passionate ambassador,
fashion massacre this chicken laughs while i pass at her
fuck that, all i need is my family and paper
shake your moneymaker

calling breaker breaker, holla

chorus x2